

# A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

## "Electric Relaxation"

Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down [4X]

*[Verse One: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]*

Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized  
With your black hair and fat-ass thighs  
Street poetry is my everyday  
But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way  
If I was workin at the club you would not pay  
Aiyyo, my man Phife Diggy, he got somthin to say

I like em brown, yellow, Puerto Rican or Haitian  
Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu Nation  
Told you in the jam that We Can Get Down  
Now let's Knock the Boots like the group H-Town  
You got BBD all on your bedroom wall  
But I'm Above the Rim and this is how I ball  
A pretty little somethin on the New York street  
This is how I represent over this here beat  
Talkin bout you

Yo, I took you out  
But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route  
My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state  
But I couldn't drop dimes cause \*you couldnè<sup>a</sup>, relate\*

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg]*

Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl  
Drive you insane, drive you up the wall  
Starin at your dome-piece, very strong  
Stronger Than Pride, stronger than Teflon  
Take you on the ave and you buy me links  
Now I wanna pound the putang until it stinks  
You can be my mama and I'll be your boy

Original rude boy, never am I coy  
You can be a shorty in my ill convoy  
Not to come across as a thug or a hood  
But hon, you got the goods, like Madeline Woods  
By the way, my name's Malik  
The Five-Foot Freak  
Let's say we get together by the end of the week  
She simply said, "No," labelled me a hoe  
I said, "How you figure?" "My friends told me so."

I hate when silly groupies wanna run they yap  
Word to God, hon, I don't get down like that

I'll have you weak in the knees that you could hardly speak  
Or we could do like Uncle L and swing an ep in my jeep  
Keep it in the down, yo, we keep it discrete  
See, I'm not the type to kid to have my biz in the streets

If my mom donè<sup>a</sup>, approve, then I'll just elope  
Let me sink the little man from inside the boat  
Let me hit it from the back, girl I won't catch a hernia  
Bust off on your couch, now you got semen's furniture

Shaheed, Phife and the Extra P  
Stacy, ? DJ and my man L.G.  
They know the Abstract is really soul on ice  
The character is of men, never ever of mice  
Shorty let me tell you about my only vice  
It has to do with lots of lovin and (it ain't nuthin nice)

*[Chorus]*